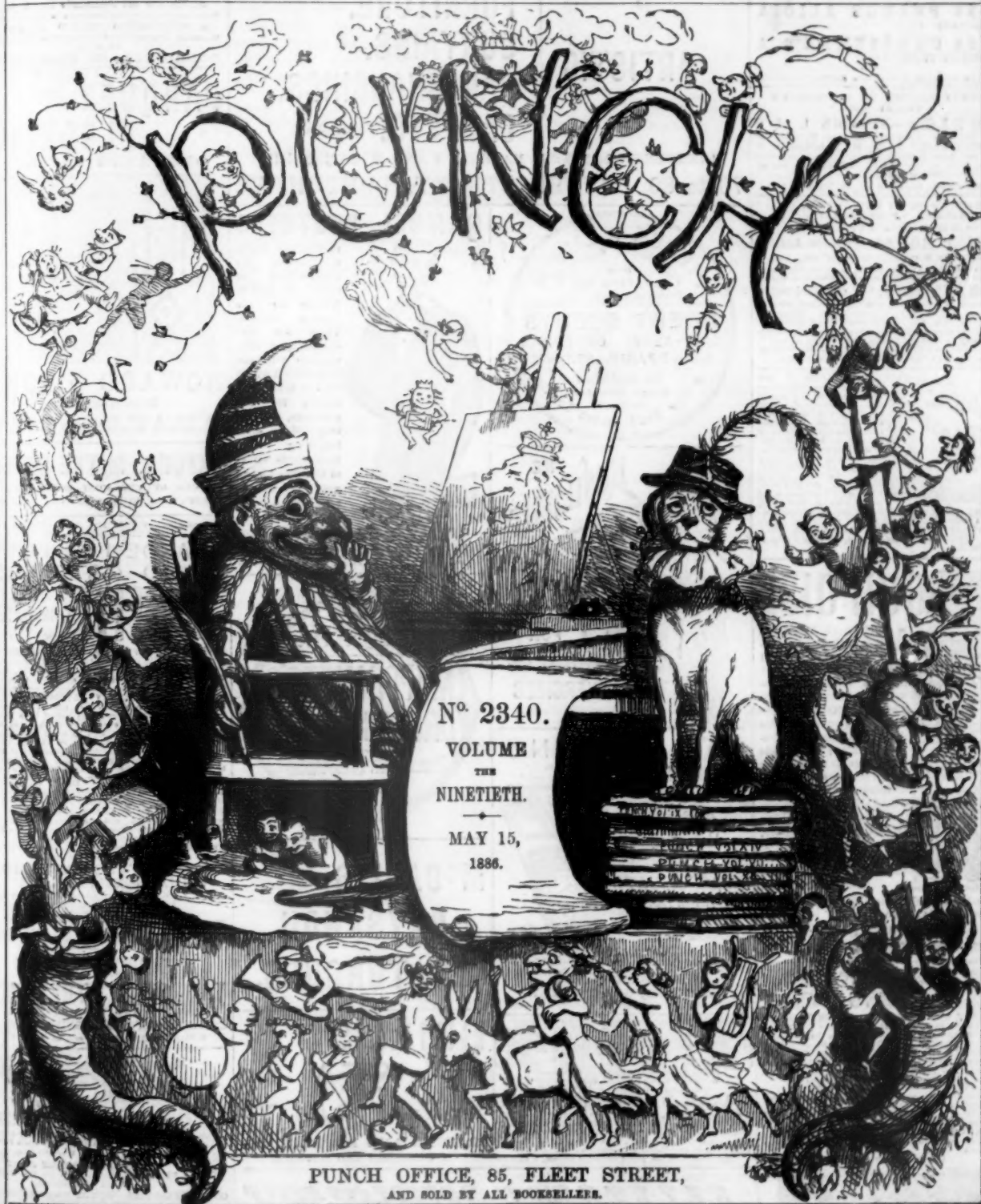


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THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

A SCIENTIFIC FARCE.

SCENE—The Hall of the Senior Parthenon Club.

Enter MR. WALFORD SNOOKS, hurriedly.

Mr. Walford Snooks, (to Hall Porter). Any letters?

Hall Porter (after leisurely looking through papers taken from a pigeon-hole). No, Sir.

Mr. Walford Snooks (in dismay). Not a letter nor a telegram!

Hall Porter (again searching packet). No, Sir; no letter and no telegram.

Mr. Walford Snooks (emphatically). Dear me! (Suddenly.) Are we on the Telephone?

Hall Porter. Yes, Sir; only it isn't used very often. There's the book of numbers, and you go in there. (He points to a semi-glazed cupboard.)

Mr. Walford Snooks (after hurriedly consulting list). Ah! here we are. Two million seven hundred and four! (Rings excitedly by touching the knob, then shouts through the receiver.) Are you there?

Indistinct Female Voice (after a long pause). Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (indignantly). Did I ring! Why I have been—(suddenly finding he is no longer heard, he holds a receiver to his ear.) By Jove, she has cut me off! (Violently rings again.)

Indistinct Female Voice (after a longer pause). Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (wary of losing another chance). Two million seven hundred and four!

Indistinct Female Voice. Two million seventy-four?

Mr. Walford Snooks (angrily). No; Two million seven hundred and four!

Indistinct Female Voice. What?

Mr. Walford Snooks (shouting). Two million seven hundred and four!

Indistinct Female Voice. I can't hear you.

Mr. Walford Snooks, I said—By Jove, I am cut off again! (Pushes the button-bell viciously.) Oh, I can't stand this!

Indistinct Female Voice (after a pause). Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (implovingly). I said Two million seven hundred and four. Please, Two million seven hundred and four.

Indistinct Female Voice. Well, I will see if I can get you put on.

Mr. Walford Snooks (moved almost to tears). Thank you.

[He waits for ten minutes, and then rings, but in a broken-spirited fashion.]

Indistinct Female Voice (after a pause). Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (roused once more to fury). Did I ring! Why, hang it!—There!—she has cut me off again!

[Listens with the receiver.]

Harsh Male Voice (suddenly through telephone). Are you there?

Mr. Walford Snooks (gratefully). Yes! Are you CHARLEY TREMLET?

Harsh Male Voice (as before). What? I can't hear what you are saying.

Mr. Walford Snooks (slowly). Are you Mis—ter CHARLEY TREM—LET?

Harsh Male Voice. Eh? Are you there?

Mr. Walford Snooks. Who are you?

Harsh Male Voice. Patent Cucumber Company. Two million and seventy-four. Patent Cucumber Company? Is it about the spoiled cocoa-nut consignment?

Mr. Walford Snooks (furious). She has put me on the wrong number, after all! (Shouting through the Telephone.) I don't want you! It's a mistake. I don't want you!

Harsh Male Voice (mildly). Eh? Are you there?

Mr. Walford Snooks (indignantly rings bell). Two million seven hundred and four! Two million seven hundred and four!

Indistinct Female Voice. Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (boiling over with rage, but keeping his temper). Two million seven hundred and four! Please—Two million seven hundred and four!

[He listens intently.]

Mild Male Voice (after a long pause). Are you there?

Mr. Walford Snooks. Yes. Will you please tell Mr. TREMLET that I can't get the Stalls for Saturday at the Palais Royal. So we must go to Paris to-night, and had better dine together at the Club. Tell him, please, that he had better bring his portmanteau with him, to save time, and—

Mild Male Voice. Are you there? I can't hear a word you are saying, if you are talking.

Mr. Walford Snooks (angrily). It's too bad! Are you there?

Cheery Voice (suddenly). Yes, I am here—CHARLEY TREMLET.

Mr. Walford Snooks (overjoyed). Can you hear me?

Cheery Voice. Quite distinctly. Well, what is it?

Mr. Walford Snooks. Well, CHARLEY, I was saying that, I can't get tickets for the Palais Royal for Saturday.

Cheery Voice. Yes. Keep on talking, or they will cut us off.

Mr. Walford Snooks. Well, I was saying—

Imperious Female Voice. Now then, have you done?

Mr. Walford Snooks (implovingly). Don't cut us off. Well, I was saying that, as I can't get the tickets for the Palais Royal, we had better—

Imperious Female Voice. Now then—have you done talking?

Mr. Walford Snooks. No. Please don't cut us off. Well, as I was saying— (Suddenly becoming conscious that the connection has been severed.) Hang it all! This is too bad!

[Attacks the bell viciously for five minutes.]

Indistinct Female Voice. Did you ring?

Mr. Walford Snooks (indignantly). Did I ring? I had better write what I want to say! (Leaves Box, and motions Messenger to follow him.) And this is progress!

[Retires angrily into the Smoking-Room to compose his letter.]

LAST WORDS.

The Representatives of the Five Powers to M. Delyannis.

WE are in receipt of your reply in answer to our last friendly communication, telling us "to mind our own business," asking us a Thessalian conundrum, and enclosing us a ribald caricature sketch of our individual selves begging at the door of the Piræus, and we herewith acknowledge the same. We must, however, protest that after our concessions about the first ultimatum, it is not the sort of tone, at least in a public diplomatic document, we should have thought it reasonable in you to have adopted. However, we have no wish to threaten, but we must really beg of you to be reasonable. Can you not at least let it be given out that you consent to disarm, and so save us from the very disagreeable duty of taking ulterior measures. Believe us, it goes very much against our grain to say so much as this, but as we have got the ships here, you see we must do something. So, be generous—and meet us half-way. Let us have a pacific reply. Pray do, for we shall be really greatly obliged to you.

M. Delyannis to the Representatives of the Five Powers.

Yah! You are a set of nincompoops. Think I am going to disarm! Not a bit of it. Have just ordered the reserves up to the front. How do you like that? As to your "ulterior measures"—take them when you like. Who cares! Neither *Ego* nor *Rex Meus*. So fire away!

The Representatives of the Five Powers to M. Delyannis.

WE are in receipt of your last despatch, but have agreed, out of consideration for you, to regard it as unread. So we most willingly give you an additional twenty-four hours in which you can think the matter over, and endeavour to frame something a little more friendly in spirit. We must, out of mere respect for the Governments we represent, point out to you the impropriety of calling us names. However, we do not wish to press this point, but hope to hear from you in a conciliatory vein, so that we may not be under the very painful necessity of having recourse to those ulterior measures which, believe us, we refer to even now with the greatest reluctance.

M. Delyannis to the Representatives of the Five Powers.

Call yourselves "Gentlemen," do you? Why, I wouldn't give half a drachma for a dozen of you. Who are you to teach me manners, I should like to know? As to your threats, take care that I don't send you all packing on my own account. That's what you ought to get, and will, if you don't look out.

The Representatives of the Five Powers to M. Delyannis.

THE Representatives of the Five Powers present their compliments to M. DELYANNIS, and beg to inform him that, under all the circumstances of the case, they have come to the conclusion that they had better anticipate the undesirable necessity of his having recourse to extreme measures to which he refers, and that they will therefore temporarily withdraw themselves from the Piræus. They trust that, in doing so, they will not be misunderstood, and that their action will not be taken as any indication of a hostile attitude to the Greek Government, whose curious antics they will still continue to watch from a distance both with solicitude and interest.

LILLY-BULERO!—Of Mr. W. S. LILLY's two volumes of *Chapters in European History* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), and of his careful and opportune article on Liberty and Liberalism, in the *Fortnightly*, we shall have something to say later on. For the moment we will observe to any one inclined to dispute Mr. LILLY's premises or conclusions, that he is evidently "a nasty one to tackle"—not a water-Lilly, but a tiger-Lilly. Beware! We have heard that an eminent Academician would not undertake his portrait, for this year's show, on the plea that he could not paint the Lilly. Was it Sir J. E. M. who said this? And was it through the influence of the other Lilly (of Jersey), whose portrait by Sir EVERETT will be in everybody's recollection, that the public have been deprived of another great work of Art? If so, such jealousy is Lilly-putian.



MEMORIES!

Friend (taking leave, after spending the evening). "ADMIRABLE TALKER YOUR WIFE IS, BROWN. I COULD LISTEN TO HER A WHOLE NIGHT."

Brown (with a sigh). "AH! I OFTEN DO!"

A BIRMINGHAM BALLADE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PRIME MINISTER.

GENTLE Caucus, tell me true,
Am I then thine only love;
Dost thou, spite my latest hue,
Hold me still all else above!
Can no boasting rival claim
He hath made thee all his own!
Tell me is thy party flame
Kindled but for me alone;
Prithee, say that CHAMBERLAIN
Pleads to thee—but pleads in vain!

"Gentle Caucus, do not heed
What the lesser throng would urge;
Follow blindly where I lead,
And in this all duty merge."
So I pray'd thee. Thy reply
Falleth sweetly on my ear,
And I know full well that I
Now can murmur without fear,
"Gentle Caucus, CHAMBERLAIN
Hath appeal'd to thee in vain!"

ONE "Note" not in The Whistler Collection. Bank Note in Tite Street. "Reserved."

SUNDAYS AT SYDENHAM.

THE Palace of Crystal in June, tra la!
A beautiful place when fine,
Will open on Sundays—a boon—tra la!
And offer a knife, fork, and spoon, tra la!
To those who will go there to dine,
To those who will go there to dine.
And that's why to GILBERT and SULLIVAN's
tune
I sing how the Palace on Sundays in June
Will, tra la la la la!
Give, tra la la la la!
Us dinners on Sundays in June!

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Items à la Mode.)

HER Majesty's ship *Timorous* that started yesterday from Portland for the trial practice of her new 83-ton guns, returned this morning for repairs, owing to the unexpected blowing up of three of them. The hull is naturally much damaged by the explosion, for which, however, no reasonable cause has been assigned. The officers in charge, do not on this occasion, refer the accident to faulty loading, and it is imagined that inquiry will establish the fact that there must have been some slight defect, probably in the outer metal case. A full investigation of the matter will take place on the return of what is left of the vessel to port, but it is not supposed that her necessary repairs can be completed under three years.

The *Majestic*, composite screw sloop, went over the measured mile yesterday, but somewhat disappointed the Authorities in her going powers, which, owing to the rapid priming of her boilers, did not show a higher record than three knots and a half under all the steam that could be got on to her. There being also a slight sea on, her rolling was considerable, and in turning she heeled over to such an extent, showing an angle of seventy-two degrees on the record, that for some moments there was visible alarm manifested by all on board as to whether she would right herself again. She, however, got safely back, and it is estimated that after she has been dry-docked and undergone certain radical alterations in her construction, these defects may be partially remedied.

From Malta it is reported that the *Armourer*, that had run out of coals 300 miles from land, and got something the matter with her screw, had been towed into harbour by a passing tug. It is understood that her main-shaft, supplied in her refit at Portsmouth, has again broken, and it is now announced that she will have to be brought home for the necessary repairs.

A WELCOME TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE Poet-Doctor, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Across the Atlantic—welcome tidings!—comes.

Dear Autocrat, "our little Mother Isle" Will break into an universal smile, Like its May-buds and cherry-bloom, to greet you, Luck speed your keel, for we all long to meet you.

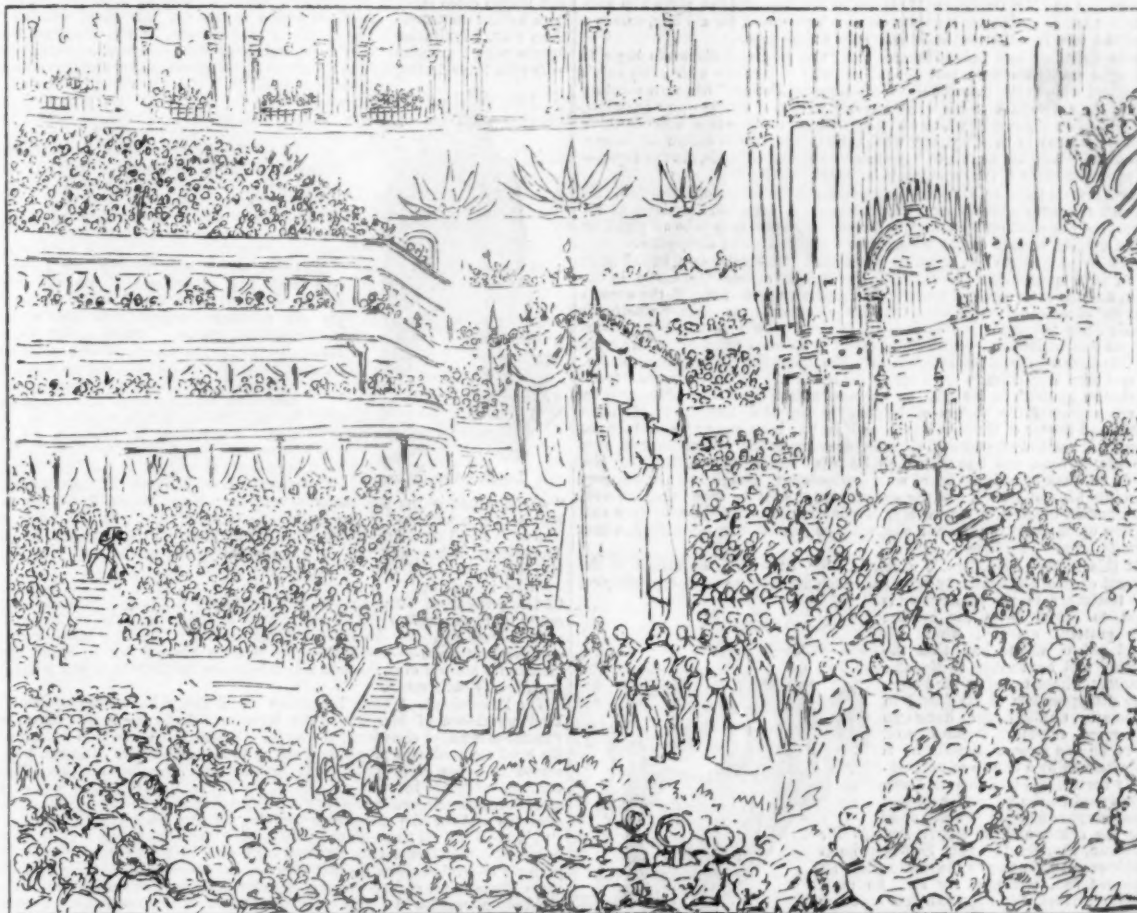
BIGLOW is here, to help us shout "Hooray!" For him who sang "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay."

Slips of our mutual stock from every clime Throng London; you have picked a happy time,

And trust us there'll be no one England through More welcome to our hearts—and theirs—than you!

THE RIGHT ROYAL OPENING OF "THE COLINDERIES."

(By Our Special Exhibition Commissioner.)



INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 31. ALBERT HALL, MAY 4.

CONSCIOUS of being favourably "known to the Police," as the possessor of a magic talisman-ticket, before which the dark blue genii respectfully retire, I walk through barred passages, and, avoiding the crush at the entrance, march majestically and calmly along the Royal route, submitting with a captivating grace peculiarly our own—"I" am "We" now—to be twice warned off the red carpet which is being kept clean for Royal feet, and on which even the fact of our being the bearer of a charmed life does not permit us to tread. At a point which the tide of red baize, slowly rolling in, has not yet reached, We take the middle of the floor, and having a little private Royal Progress of our own, We bow right and left to persons We know, and to many more whom We don't, but whose acquaintance Our Affability indicates that We should be delighted to make on the spot, were there time to stop for it, or, on our return, if they are still there. It occurs to me that "Our Affability" is a suitable title on such an occasion. So Our Affability walks on, thinking how mighty easy it is, on a beautiful fine day, to bow pleasantly to everybody where everybody is happily smiling, and not to care one single twopenny dash for anybody or anything, as long as not even the pertinacious house-fly is present to disturb and upset Our Affability.

We take our seats in the Albert Hall, which is filling rapidly. Undistinguished people, in distinguished uniforms, arriving fast, and filling the arena. A solitary individual, in a velvet Court suit, near us, is evidently wishing he could run home and change it, while others, who have left their uniform or Court dress at home, on beholding him, are regretting their decision, as a uniform on such an occasion would have given them an air of distinction. Regrets are too late now.

Arrival of celebrities, chiefly Sir RICHARD CROSS. From the moment he appears he occupies the Hall, becoming, as it were, "the man in possession."

Sir RICHARD is not in uniform, but he is glad to see that other people are, and he smiles, smirks, and beams on all his friends in and out of uniform, political and social, with whom he shakes hands, and continues shaking hands for the next half-hour, welcoming every one of them as they come in, or

delighted to see them if they are already seated, so that, to any outsider, who might have casually just dropped in without the faintest idea of what was going on, it would appear that the little dapper, smirking, restless gentleman in the centre of the Hall is giving an "At Home," and has, in the prodigality of his hospitality, issued so many invitations that he has been compelled, at the last moment, to engage the Albert Hall, where he is now receiving his many friends, from all parts of the world, in the most genial manner possible. Sir RICHARD's chief guests—for whom the lively and amiable host has provided a splendid chair under a magnificent canopy, and several golden-back chairs arranged in a semicircle, as if for the occupation of a band of superlative, extra-quality Christy Minstrels, when they will sing "*O those Golden Chairs!*"—have not yet arrived.

A couple of Heralds appear on the dais, in a compromising costume of tabards and trousers, but not finding anything particular to do, they become uncomfortable, and, after a feeble attempt at appearing entirely at their ease, they, somewhat ignominiously, retire. Siamese and Japanese Ambassadors enter. With these Sir RICHARD CROSS has nothing to do: he is glad to see them, nothing more, he is not effusive, and as they pass on, the shadow, that had momentarily clouded their radiantly bilious countenances, caused by Sir RICHARD's apparent indifference, is dispelled by the warm greeting given them by the gorgeous Foreign Ambassadors and their ladies, who are all in one corner together, chatting and laughing, and who all bob up and down, one after the other, like the hammers of a pianoforte during the performance of an *andante* passage, as various Excellencies arrive, rising in chords of three or four notes at a time to greet the American Minister, who, in his ordinary evening dress, looks as if he had been out very late the night before, somewhere in a Hammeramith direction, and after a wash and brush-up, had just taken Sir RICHARD CROSS's little party, at the Albert Hall, on his road home.

More Ambassadors,—more Ministers: all more and more decorated—than magnificent Indian Princes, who pass Sir RICHARD without a word, and

stalk, with majestic bearing, towards a corner, where they remain, glittering. Sir RICHARD, recovering from his astonishment at their unexpected appearance, addresses himself anxiously to someone in a diplomatic uniform, and is evidently inquiring "How those fellows got in?" The answer is satisfactory, as, in a few seconds, Sir RICHARD beams again, till the sight of Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, in Ministerial dress, gives him such a shock that he collapses, and sinks on to a seat where, for a while, among a lot of tall men in uniforms, he is lost to the public gaze.

More Colonials and Indian Princes until the gold and diamonds begin to pall upon us. Somebody just behind us, who is familiar with everybody's name, and who, as the proverbial "Well-informed Person," has been pointing out all the celebrities to his wife—and all wrong, of course—now exclaims, "There's JON HOARE!" whom we in the vicinity suppose to be some banking celebrity famous in the City, but who, it turns out, is the Sultan of Johore, with diamonds in his cap worth a monarch's ransom,—that is, always depending upon the value of the monarch to be bought out.

For a few seconds Mr. COMYNS CARR becomes the centre of attraction. He looks all around pleasantly, as if he were there, as everybody's friend, to see if everybody is comfortably seated, and everybody appearing to be all right, he nods a smiling benison on the arrangements generally, and disappears.

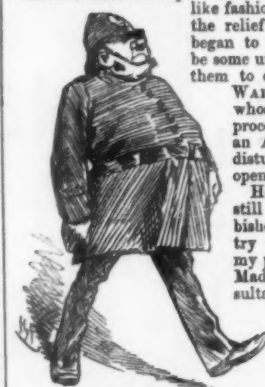
Lord WOLSELEY, in *mufti*, slides into a seat. Suddenly, as if jerked up in the air by a spring, rises Mr. DOVLY CARTE, from among the crowd in the stalls, and shows as much of himself as is generally seen of one of the apparitions out of the cauldron in *Macbeth*. He is evidently considering whether it wouldn't pay to run the Indian Princes, in their present costumes, for a tour, with an Entertainment—which could easily be knocked together by GILBERT and SULLIVAN—round the country, as "The Thespian Carte Company, No. 3," and then take them to the States "for the fall." Either the word "fall" has shaken his faith in the idea, or his meditations have been distracted by the appearance of the Bishop of London on the dais, looking, in his lawn sleeves and Doctor of Divinity's robe, as if he had been woke up suddenly out of bed, and had had only time to slip a red dressing-gown, without sleeves, over his *robe de nuit*, and had "come as he was" to the Albert Hall, for Mr. D'OYLY CARTE strokes his beard with a calculating, thoughtful air, and goes down into his seat slowly, like the setting sun, or as if he were being lowered, in a dignified manner, by machinery. His descent is the signal for Sir RICHARD to jump up suddenly, and have a chat with the nearest man in uniform, whom he quite takes by surprise.

At this instant, considerable cheering. Sir RICHARD, astonished at the moment chosen, but evidently prepared to consider the occasion as justifying this testimony to his popularity, is about to acknowledge the ovation with grateful alacrity, when his friend points out to him that the greeting had been given to Madame ALBANI; whereat, and on the immediate disappearance of his friend in diplomatic uniform, Sir RICHARD enoe more subsides, crushed, and, before he can recover himself, he is overwhelmed by a deluge of magnificently accoutred Gentlemen-at-Arms, with swords, helmets, and halberds, whose gorgeousness, as it were, flows over the arena, and so utterly swamps Sir RICHARD, that for the next half-hour he is unable even to come up to the surface, like an oppressed fish, and gasp for air. So until Royalty arrives, Sir RICHARD has no other occupation than to study the back buttons and the belt and upper portion of the trousers of the particular Gentleman-at-Arms who has temporarily shut out Sir RICHARD CROSS from all communication with the outer world.

More applause, of which Sir RICHARD can take no notice, and the appearance of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN in Court suit brings Mr. D'OYLY CARTE up again, all smiles. "Ah," he is evidently murmuring to himself, "why isn't GILBERT knighted and here in a Court dress too? I know he's got one, because I've seen him in it. What an advertisement for the Savoy!" Then once more the brilliancy of the Indian Princess fascinates him, and slowly muttering to himself, "If you like the pickle, try the sauce," he enoe more imitates the setting sun, and, stroking his beard in true Oriental fashion, subsides not ungracefully. Suddenly Mr. TRENDLELL, attired like Sir ARTHUR in the alternative Court-suit, which is more showy than the velvet at the price, and bearing a marked resemblance to Lord ALCESTER—more widely known as Admiral Sir Beach'em-and-don't-go-to-Sea-more—hurries up to the dais, and beckons authoritatively to somebody or something—it is either a man or a pigeon—to come down at once, and, if a bird, perch on his outstretched finger. As neither bird, nor man, obeys the summons, the Literary Superintendent accepts defeat with a smile, and crossing to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who has just joined the Bishop of LONDON on the dais, stays with them to explain quite pleasantly the probable reason of the absence of the pigeon or the man, whichever it was.

Then the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who with his Chaplain and the Bishop of LONDON, had been together examining a book of the ceremonial, apparently with the view of finding an opening for a trio—by the kind permission of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and Mr. BARNBY,—takes this opportunity of consulting Mr. TRENDLELL as to the practicability of such an introduction; and the Literary Superintendent evidently not liking to give a point-blank refusal, calls up Mr. CLOWES, the printer of the work in question,

who, also disguised in an alternative Court dress, which gives him the brisk official air of a junior Admiral, enlivened by the appropriate joviality of the Sandboy, approaches the Bishops on the subject—and on the dais—and tells them that, even if Mr. TRENDLELL wrote the words on the spot, he couldn't undertake to print it in the time. At this moment the Archbishop and Bishop catch sight of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN bearing down towards them from behind the throne, and there is that in his eye [his glass] which tells them that, Dignitaries of the Church though they be, he will stand no interference with his musical department, and so the three ecclesiastical conspirators—like the three Anabaptists in the *Prophète*—disperse, and pretend, in a Toots-like fashion, that "it's of no consequence," much to the relief of Messrs. TRENDLELL and CLOWES, who began to fear that at the last moment there might be some unpleasantness, which would have compelled them to call for the interference of Sir CHARLES WARREN, the new Chief Commissioner of Police, whose first public duty, had it been necessary to proceed to extremities, would have been to take an Archbishop and a Bishop into custody for disturbing the harmony of the proceedings at the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.



Leading the Procession.

However, all passes off quietly. Sir ARTHUR, still with his eye-glass fixed on the Archbishop, as much as to say, "You'd better not try any amateur Gregorian trio here without my permission, my boy," walks slowly towards Madame ALBANI, to whom, after a short consultation with Mr. BARNBY, during which the expression on the countenances of both musicians becomes fierce and determined, he explains the serious aspect of the occasion. A diversion is produced by Mr. TRENDLELL coming up to show Madame ALBANI the golden key of the Exhibition; and on Madame ALBANI inquiring "whether that is the key she is to take for 'Home, Sweet Home,'" everybody's face is wreathed in smiles. Mr. CLOWES rhymes with his name and "bows." Mr. TRENDLELL laughs heartily, Sir ARTHUR is convulsed, and the Archbishop, Bishop, and Chaplain at the other side of the dais pluck up a bit, and begin to feel that the danger is averted.

"She is coming!" A thrill through the audience, and Sir RICHARD CROSS, being freed from pressure by a movement of the Gentleman-at-Arms, comes up to the surface for air, and snaps at a man in a diplomatic uniform as if he were a summer-fly skimming the surface. But the insect escapes, and the Gentleman-at-Arms once more forming himself into a column, again distributes himself over the area which includes Sir RICHARD, who is thenceforth finally obliterated.

The Procession! A Stout Policeman out of Drury Lane Pantomime—"by kind permission of Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS"—leads the way. Clown and Pantaloon engaged elsewhere, and so the Policeman is not tripped up, nor does his head come off and go up by a string to Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, who is seated in a box aloft quite ready to take it. Then the Herald: Rouge Dragon, wagging his tail pleasantly, no fire or smoke coming out of his mouth: rather a nervous and pleasantly disposed Dragon, judging by his appearance now. After him magnificent persons bearing some huge golden maces ("I'd have had all these chaps in big heads," says AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS to himself), then General Sir SOMERS VINE with his head at all events screwed properly on his shoulders, so that there is no danger of his losing it, telling them where to go, and preventing the amateur supernumeraries from getting clubbed up together in a corner. ("Ought to have rehearsed this," murmurs AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS, shaking his head pathetically.) Next, all the other Commissioners, then the Treasurer of the Household ("Nice time he'll have of it next Saturday," murmurs AUGUSTUS DEURIOLANUS, "hope the Ghost will walk"), then the Vice-Chamberlain, then the Lord Steward (without the basin), and then, amid all the gold and scarlet and blaze of precious stones and jewels and gold, a small elderly lady in deep black, gracefully curtsying left and right, and acknowledging the deafening cheers with which she is being received.

Gentlemen! THE QUEEN!

Then the Prince of WALES, in one of his uniforms, and at his elbow the graceful, ever youthful charming Princess of WALES. The golden chairs are there ready for use. The Royalties seem nervous and uncertain as to what they've got to do ("Ought to have rehearsed this, you know," mutters AUGUSTUS, who is becoming fidgety), and H.R.H., on being consulted by the Princess in a whisper, evidently replies, aside, "Stand where you like, my dear, only, for goodness sake, don't make a fuss"—and the Royalties stand accordingly, until the QUEEN, with a sharp nod and a peremptory rap with her fan, indicates her sovereign pleasure that the whole lot of them are to be seated. Then ALBANI sings a little thing of TENNYSON's, music composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, which goes very well, though the Composer must have sighed to himself, "Oh, for one verse of GILBERT!" ALBANI tries her best to make the line "Glorious between sea and sky" fit into the air, and is probably blessing neither the Poet nor the Composer.

This being over, the Prince steps forward, and faces the QUEEN,—as if both were about to perform an Irish jig, but, changing his mind at the last moment, H.R.H. reads a paper, explaining, as if quite as an afterthought and by way of a pleasant surprise, why they have brought HER MAJESTY all the way from Windsor Castle to London. "Ah!" the QUEEN appears to say, "yes—that's exactly what I want to know." Then HER MAJESTY listens most graciously to the end. At one time it seems as if the Gracious Lady were about to ask for further information on some points, but, catching sight of the hopeless expression on the countenances of the major and minor Royalties, who, including the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, are all penned up like sheep (in uniform) between the orchestra and the golden chairs, HER MAJESTY



Sir Richard "receives."

restrains her desire for further enlightenment; and, on her signifying her readiness to receive the Official Catalogue to take home with her, and the master-key of the Exhibition, so that HER MAJESTY can come in and out at all hours without either paying at the doors or showing a season-ticket, Sir GEORGE HATTEY CHUBB, in velvet Court suit, with sword by his side, ascends to the dais and presents the key, which HER MAJESTY graciously accepts, but being unable to find a pocket in her dress handy for its reception, is obliged to entrust it to the care of the Prince of WALES, to be left with him till called for. Then Mr. CLOWES gallily mounts the steps and presents the Catalogue, closely followed by Mr. TRENDLE with the Handbook, which he has compiled all by himself. This part of the function being concluded, the three performers have to sidle down the steps with a crab-like action, keeping one eye on their Sovereign and another on the step below. It is a trying moment, but they reach the floor in safety, whereat there is some slight attempt at applause on the part of their anxious friends, which is instantly suppressed on the commencement of HER MAJESTY's reply, which she reads with a slightly foreign accent, but in a clear, distinct, and pleasant voice, and then kisses H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, as a reward for his having behaved himself up to now so remarkably well, and having been, in a general way, such a very good boy.

Then steps forward Lord KENMARE, and waving his Chamberlain's wand after the manner of the Good Fairy in the transformation scene, only in a timid, amateurish sort of way ("Why didn't he come to me or KATTI LANNER for a lesson?") grows AUGUSTUS DRUGGOLANUS, quite losing all patience with them, he declares the Show open. The wand cannot exercise a very potent spell, as there is no transformation—nobody changes into anything; it has no sort of effect even on Sir RICHARD CROSS or on Mr. D'O'VLY CARTE, but it sets in motion the trumpeters, who flourish like a green bay-tree, and then are heard no more. After this comes the Archbishop's chance; he finds the right place, and reads something between a prayer and an address in a dainty, æsthetic fashion. Whereupon follows the Prayer of Prayers, amid a hum of devout responses.

After this, the "Hallelujah Chorus." Differences of opinion as to position arise; HER MAJESTY really doesn't see why the Royalties should stand, and sits; H.R.H. the Princess, being of a reverential turn, whispers to the Prince, "It's not the fashion to sit during the 'Hallelujah Chorus,'" and stands up,—so do the other Royalties. Prince looks uncommonly doubtful. If he could stand up on one side, and sit on the other, that would meet the difficulty. He elects to remain bolt upright; and so, graciously yielding to the majority in favour of the erect attitude, HER MAJESTY rises, and remains standing till the finish of the "Hallelujah."

Then comes the treat of the day,—ALBANI singing "Home, Sweet Home." Delicious! In the course of the second verse, a flute, or an oboe, or a flageolet executes a bird-like warble, apparently just behind the Duke of CAMBRIDGE's head, which so startles that gallant warrior that he sharply faces about, and severely scrutinises the orchestra, evidently muttering to himself, "If I could find out the confounded fellow who's doing this, I'd order him under arrest—like a shot—and court-martial him, I would!"

But the delinquent is not discovered, and, when "Home, Sweet Home" is finished, the Commander-in-Chief is prevented from drawing his sword and plunging in among the musicians, by the general irresistible movement that carries him off with all the other Royalties into their places in the Procession, which is now slowly moving out to the chorus of "Rule, Britannia!" and the QUEEN thanks Sir P. CUNLIFFE OWEN, who all this time, attired in Civil Service costume, has kept modestly in the background, saying, "Sir PHILIP, this is all Owen to you," and thrice graciously bowing to everybody from the top of the steps. Her Gracious MAJESTY graciously vanishes from our view, and we, the anybodies, nobodies, and somebodies, justle, and shove, and crush, and get out into the Gardens, where forthwith we begin to enjoy the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 1886, and on the first opportunity we drink to its success under the style and title of "The Colindæries!"

A NEW ST. PAUL'S!!—Yes—open every day, and more frequent Sunday services than at the Metropolitan Cathedral! [We allude to the new station of St. Paul's on the L. C. and D. line. "For this relief much thanks," say Holborn Viaduct and Ludgate; and suggest to Mr. STAAT FORBES, the Chairman, the above, as an attractive form of advertisement for their new Station.]

POLITICAL DYSPEPSIA.—A disease peculiar to some eminent Statesmen, in consequence of surfeit, from excess in eating their words.

Mass v. Class.

DEAR WILLIAM, you puzzle us.
Critics are wrong,
But your argument really is
coming it strong.
'Tisn't class against class that
your casuist arts
Are setting, but rather the whole
'gainst its parts.
Do inform your true friends, if
you will be so good,
When the trees are all taken,
what's left of the wood?
True wisdom no doubt may be found with the masses,
But where is the School when you've kicked out the Classes?



"This sort of thing can't go on!"
as the gouty man said to his tight boot.



HOW McDAUB'S PICTURE GOT HUNG.

First Hanging Committee-Man. "OH! HANG IT!"
Second Ditto. "I SAY, HANG IT, YOU KNOW!"
Third Ditto. "OH! LOOK HERE! THAT BE HANGED!"
Fourth Ditto. "OH! HANG THAT!"
Fifth Ditto. "HERE, HANG IT ALL! TAKE IT AWAY!"
Porter. "VERY GOOD, GENTLEMEN!" [And it was Hung.]

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"A LUCKY YOUNG WOMAN."

SEE here are the adventures of a very charming lass—
By F. C. PHILLIPS, Author of *As in a Looking-glass*—
The characters are crisply sketched, the touch is true and bold,
The story's fresh, and full of go, and capitably told.
Why is it bound in lavender? I am astonished—
Why "lay it up in lavender," when bound to be well read?

"LOST! A DAY."

HERE'S a warning no bachelor ought to disparage—
Read with trembling and fear of the Mesmeric Marriage

"A STORK'S NEST."

HERE are twenty-one stories from Dane and from Norse,
By ETILAR, by RING, and by other pens various;
And they all are well told, but translated of course—
So VICARY's telling, no doubt, is vicarious!
Be that as it may—to peruse don't refrain,
These capital tales from the Norse and the Dane!

"THE JOYOUS STORY OF TOTO."

FULL of capital fun is Miss RICHARDS's book,
All children who get it are gainers:
If at GARRETT's quaint pictures they only once look,
They'll never be Totol abstainers!

"HISTORIC BOYS."

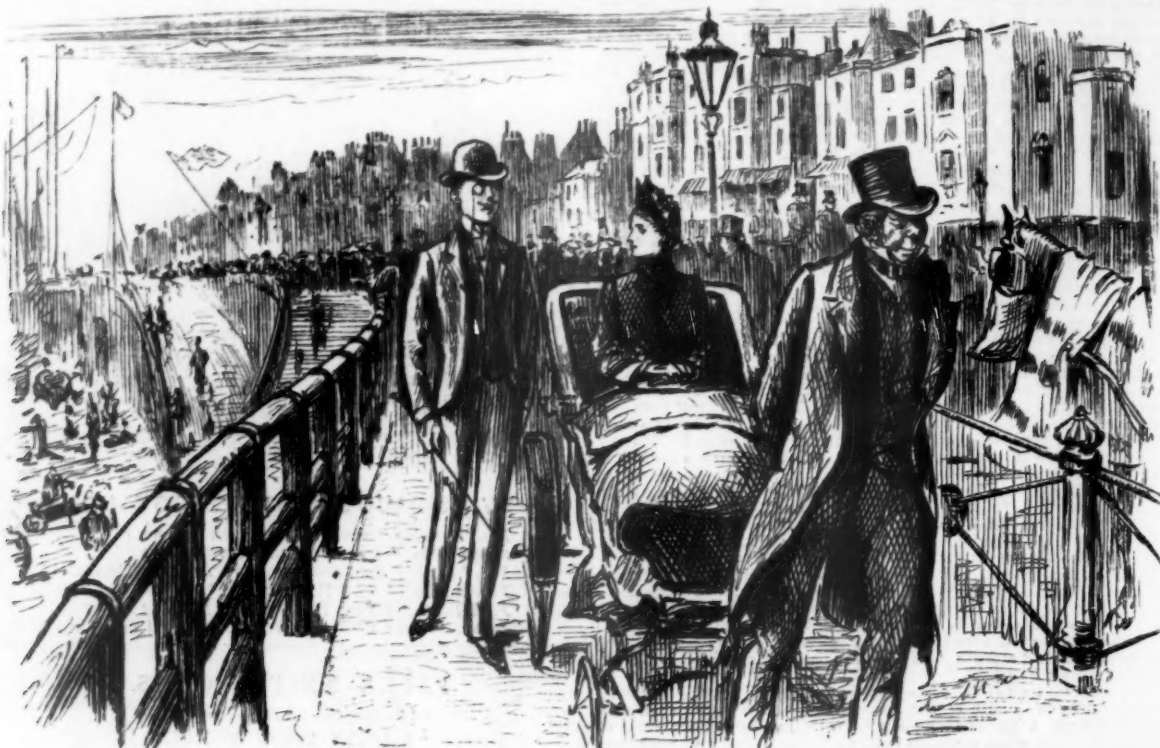
"Boys will be boys"—we all well know,
But in this volume, E. S. BROOKS,
Who writes, for boys, the best of books!
True stories tells, which clearly show,
That boys were men, long years ago!

"FLOATING FLIES."

OF Blue Duns and Bumbles, of hooks and their eyes,
Of Red Tags and Coachmen, and all sorts of flies;
Of Wickhams, Red Spinners, and others ne'er failing
To lure out of water the trout and the grayling—
Here HALFORD discourses, and shows a collection
Of ninety fly-portraits, all limned to perfection:
A capital volume, and no one will doubt it,
No fisherman now should be ever without it!

"SELL'S DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD'S PRESS."

'Tis crammed with information of all kinds newspaperial,
Of libel-law and copyright, of magazine and serial:
The uses of advertisement it shows with great propriety,
And scales of charge and methods gives in infinite variety!



A CURLED DARLING OF SOCIETY."

"She. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR REGIMENT TO BE SENT TO INDIA?"

He. "AW—NOT AT ALL. TOO FAR FROM LONDON, YOU KNOW!"

UN-ENGLISH SUGGESTION.

MR. PUNCH,

DEMOCRACY is indeed, in its own language, "a 'go'in' of it." It has initiated a movement for the habitual omission from utterance of the letter "H." Yes, Sir, 'ARRY 'as 'is defenders. In a paper read before a Provincial Literary and Philosophical Society, to a popular audience, and since published, default of the aspirate is actually extenuated. Nay, its disuse is advocated even. From a London journal there is also quoted a "plea" treating exactness in using it as a species of affectation. A notable point in one of these apologies is the theory that, as some people are partially colour-blind, so others may possibly be *h*-deaf-and-dumb; physically unable to hear or to pronounce the sound, *h*. Un'appy 'uman beings! Ow 'orrible! Why what is even 'Eaven with an "H"?

Your revolutionists pretend that the pronunciation of *h* is modern. The good old English *h* was a silent *h*. "In the sixteenth century the word 'Hebrew' was spelt 'Ebrue.'" Well, to be sure, *Falstaff* backed a "banger" with the alternative, "Or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew." But then wasn't he mimicking the popular pronunciation? Does *Falstaff* ever denominate his Prince 'ARRY, or call him 'AL?

Moreover, the Jacobins and Levellers plead that really, in early days, the use of the aspirate, which had still earlier prevailed, was dying out, just as it "has died out in French, Spanish, Italian, and Greek." And, probably, thinks the author of the "plea" above-mentioned, avowing himself "AN AITCH DROPPER," a very good job too. It had better, suggests this pleader for degeneracy, die out in all England also, as well as inside of Cockneydom. The enforcement of "this shibboleth of gentility" is intolerable to that ultra Radical. He therefore cries:—

"Oh, do kindly take this incubous from our minds and lungs, and we shall breathe more freely, and be grateful. What I ask for is compromise. Let aspiration be retained for electionary purposes if you like, but let us not be troubled with this affectation at our counting-houses and firesides."

"This affectation" and "this incubous" mean the same thing, the incubency of aitches. It is not at all obvious that "incubous" is a misprint. An incubus isn't an affectation, although, in the sense of nightmare, it may affect the lungs and the mind.

Sir, I trust that the whole Constitutional Party, whether Liberals or Tories, will unite as one man in opposing an agitation opening a disloyal crusade against the Queen's English. Its commencement is clearly the thin end of the wedge, which, when driven home, will confound *r* and *w*, singular and plural, and deprive present participles of their final *g*, besides making the double negative compulsory—and that all in the sacred name of British liberty of speech! *Adsit omen*, menacing as it appears to

Yours truly,
WALKER DELOLME.

AN OXFORD (STREET) GREEK PLAY.

THE *raison d'être* of *Clito*, an original Tragedy, written (I believe) blank verse, by Messrs. GRUNDY and BARRETT, seems to me to have been a desire on the part of the authors to suit Miss EASTLAKE with a part similar to the one written for SARAH BERNHARDT by VICTORIEN SARDOU, without having recourse to the facile expedient of translating or adapting SARDOU's drama of *Théodora*. There is also a touch of SHERIDAN KNOWLES's *Virginius* in it, and the whole strikes me as the work of men who had first devised situations, mainly founded upon what was most effective in *Théodora*, and then worked up to them.

I will first consider the play, afterwards the acting; for unless the intention of the authors is thoroughly comprehended, criticism on the representation of their drama is thrown away. What then did the authors mean the public to understand by their "original tragedy" of *Clito*? I may take it that the performance at the Princesses' fairly represents their meaning, because they have not protested that it does not, and one of them plays the hero. The play being unpublished, I can only arrive at the authors' intention through the actors' interpretation, and if these are false *media* it is not my fault should my deduction not be exactly what the "GRUNDY-BARRETT" combination—(telegraphically abbreviated into "GRARRETT" or "BARUNDY")—would desire me to draw. If a play is published, I can study it, form my own idea of it, and judge the performance by that standard: which standard is itself fairly open to criticism. But to me the performance of *Clito* is its publication: its representation by actors is a reading aloud of the text; "the reader," as the old



“STAY, PRITHEE, STAY!”

CH-RCH-LL }
CH-MB-RL-N } (together). “PRAY, KEEP YOUR SEAT—”
P-RN LL. “SURE, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO FOND OF MY COMPANY!!”



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play-books used to have it, "being supposed to be on the stage facing the audience," and the performance is the text illustrated—and here I may say if it were illustrated with a few more "cuts," such an operation, in any new edition, would be of considerable benefit to the tragedy.

If, then, it was the intention of the authors to represent an abandoned female character, worse than *Théodora* and viler than DAUDET's *Sapho*, to dress up,



during Speech, delivereth a Lecture on Art to Miss Irene, "The Maid of Athens," who is just home from school and the back-board exercise.

sensualist *Glaucias*, and his lamblike, innocent victim, the "Maid of Athens," under seventeen at all events.

If the authors intended *Clito*, the celebrated sculptor, to be a weak, self-conceited, impressionable, prosy individual, so ignorant of the world around him, so careless about the models which should feed his art, that he has not made himself acquainted with the form and features of an openly notorious character like the courtesan *Hellé*, who lives in a palace and reigns as a Princess in Athens,—if the authors meant their *Clito* to be a self-deceiver, who, when most in earnest, is unable to distinguish between real love and animal passion, until the creature he has worshipped no longer dissembles her love but kicks him down-stairs, having previously given him "what for" in the best classic Billingsgate,—if they meant this, then "BARUNDY" are to be congratulated on the performance of Mr. WILSON BARRETT as *Clito*, for the existence of a more contemptible creature than he makes him appear can scarcely be imagined even by himself and his partner. And this is a compliment to the actor's art, for the better Mr. BARRETT's performance, the worse it is for the character he represents. So also for Miss EASTLAKE. I have never

seen her more powerful than when, in the fourth Act, she spurns *Clito*; perfectly agreeing with her in her opinion of *Clito*, I was so struck by the amazing energy of her vividly realistic performance, that I applauded her most heartily. This was a tribute to her art, for, if "BARUNDY" intended their *Hellé* to be a coarse, utterly heartless, fiendish Wanton, without one solitary redeeming quality, then they must be sincerely grateful to the actress, who, whatever may be her private opinion of the part, has surrendered her judgment to theirs, and has thoroughly embodied the authors' conception of this detestable character.

What *Théodora* did, as far as *Andréas* is concerned, she did for love; what *Hellé* does to *Clito*, she does for hate. The two plays are very close in their resemblance, except the motive. The plot of *Théodora* is strong; this of *Clito*, without comparing it with *Théodora*, is weak.

The character of *Glaucias*, as well played by Mr. WILLARD as I suppose it could be by anyone, is idiotic in action and brutal in idea. *Xenocles*, professor of sculpting, is an old fool, who rates *Clito* soundly for his conduct, and then speaks of him as "a great man fallen," after he has passed a week in riotous living in *Hellé's* palace, at, as far as he knows, *Hellé's* expense, after he has betrayed his friends, and after he has handed over *Xenocles's* daughter—his own foster-sister—to the tender care of the woman whose atrocious character the minute before has been laid bare to him! Why, for

this helpless, cringing, mean-spirited cur there cannot be one atom of pity, still less of respect.

As to the dialogue—whether blank verse or not—it may be good for "BARUNDY," but it is decidedly not up to what, away from blank verse, I recollect of GRUNDY. The repartees are of the schoolboyish *tu quoque* order—which is Latin, not Greek,—and among the poetic similes are some good old friends, though I doubt whether, in "the cat and canary" one, the "BARUNDY" are correct in supposing that the Greeks knew much about canaries.



The Monster Glaucias. "Fe à fo fum! Where is the Maid of Athens! Where is that joli morceau à croquer? I must eat her!"

so frail, and so fond, would have made a fool of any one of us, if we had once the misfortune to fall into the clutches of such a dangerous syren? Could anyone be more of the gutter than SARAH, when *Théodora*, disguised, goes to see her old friend the sorceress? Could anyone be more fiendish than SARAH, when she hears *Marcellus's* confession, and stabs him ere he can utter her lover's name? And could anything be sweeter, more loving and coaxing than her manner when she was toying with *Andréas*? And as *Fédora* in the closing scene—not *Théodora*—could any remorse be more thrilling than hers, in that last death-struggle with the lover, of whose life she has been the curse.

There is a fifth Act of *Clito*, intended to give Miss EASTLAKE the sort of chance that SARAH generally has in similar plays; but though she does all she can to make it terrible, the motive is wanting, and all interest in the play is over. Better for the pair of them had they both ended their lives with the other principals in the *mêlée* at the end of Act IV., when *Xenocles* enters President of the Royal Athenian Academy, like *Virginus*, the dead body of *Irene* in his arms, and incites the populace to vengeance. I hope the day is not far distant when Mr. BARRETT will give us a good wholesome melodrama, with GEORGE BARRETT as the Comic Butler or sympathetic Costermonger, and Mr. WILLARD as the Gentlemanly Villain, the *Claude Duval*—not the Restaurateur who gave his name to cheap dinners, but BULWER's Highwayman—of the "so-called Nineteenth Century." Unless they are prepared to assent to the proposition that "the Happiness which rewards Virtue may be inferred from the representation of Vice and its consequent misery," I could not conscientiously recommend the Maiden Aunt from Clapham and "the young person" to select *Clito* for their evening's recreation.

Yours, STEELE NIBBS.

Lucus a non Lucendo.

LOYAL? Nay, Ulster, you, for very shame Should cede your long monopoly of that name. Loyal to whom—to what! To power, to pelf, To place, to privilege, in a word, to self. They who assume, absorb, control, enjoy all, Must find it vastly pleasant to be "loyal."

OIL AND WATER.—We shall return to the "Pick of the Pictures" on our Second Visit to the Academy, and intend giving our usual Grosvenor Gems. Also, Mr. Punch has another artistic treat in store for everybody. But we will not anticipate.

DURING the Exhibition, the fountains will, of course, be supplied with *Eau de Cologneries*.



"And in the deepest Depths a deeper still;" or, Morley the Mermaid and the Grand Old Man in the Irish Sea of Troubles. (An Ulster-Marine Study after Burne-Jones, A.R.A.)

WHITHER?

Morley the Lōrely sings:—

COME, come with me!
Who would not be
(As the Laureate sings)
A Mermaid bold!

Come down! I will show you most
wonderful things.

Don't shrink and shiver, as though
you were cold.

Don't gasp, and gurgle, and pant and
blow bubbles,

As if you thought this a sea of
troubles.

Come with me!

And our home shall be
Fathom deep, fathom deep under the
sea,

In caves of coral that pave the abyas,
With blood-red columns that flame
like a prism,

(Which pedants call—horrid things
ending in "ism").

Down! down! down!

Never fear, you won't drown!

Only sink, sink, sink,

(As the Tories think)

Never, never to rise again.

What! yet yearning for CHAMBER-

LAIN?

Too late, my WILLIAM, you yearn in

Didn't you choose with deliberation,

Lured by my *pas de fascination*?

You cannot escape me when once in

my clutches,

You might as well try to fly skyward

on crutches.

Oho! Oho!

Down, down we go!

There, do not wriggle, and don't look

so cheerless,

But pluck up a heart like Sir Rupert

the Fearless,

When down in the green

He dined with *Lurline*.

(*Absit omen!* the Tories would say—

that's their spleen)

At any rate show "sombre acquies-

cence."

You've wooed me, and you must put

up with my presence.

Half-measures won't suit me, I'm

not washywashy.

But don't be alarmed,

You shall not be harmed.

I'm not a bad sort, though my end

may be fishy.

So come with me,

In this Irish Sea;

You and I will be having no end of a

spree.

It has whelmed of the apes of Pan-

urge's crass sheep enough,

But that was their fault, for they

didn't dive deep enough.

We won't be splashing or paddling,

we'll plumb it.

The deeper you sink

The higher, I think,

Your glory will rise toward Fame's

golden summit.

Oho! Oho!

Down, down we go!

You'll get used to it soon, and forget

faithless JOE.

A TEMPLE OF TEMPERANCE.—Com-
plaint is made that the erection of no
less than three public-houses is pro-
ceeding in Shaftesbury Avenue. But
the noble Earl, after whom that
thoroughfare is named, was pre-
eminently public-spirited.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

*Stanzas some way after Dryden.*ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION TO PUBLIC LIFE OF HER
MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

LIVERPOOL, MAY 11TH, 1886.

Now, whilst with general strife the world is vexed,
And England with divisions sore perplexed,
A welcome lull here intermits the war,
And parting clouds show the returning Star.
ASTRÆA, hail! Saturnian times no more
Make gay our wealthy or make glad our poor;
Praise of our Golden Age no more resounds,
Nor jubilation at Trade's leaps and bounds.
The leaden incubus, Depression, still
Our power oppresses, and obscures our skill.
Rise, Star of Hope! Our freer days refuse
The flatteries of the Dedicator Muse,
Which marred the manhood e'en of Glorious JOHN.
Yet, welcome! Now ASTRÆA shines upon
Her people once again, may hope not deem
There is some quickening influence in the beam?
London in yon vast hall has seen that ray,
It is the turn of Liverpool to-day.
The Star of India and the lesser lights
Of Southern skies or Western, jewel-flights
Of unreluctant satellites, attend
Your rising, and with loyal homage bend
As in young JOSEPH'S dream, bend unconstrained.
So round some central orb swift planets, reined
But by attraction, circle happily.
England, and all her sons from every sea!
A glorious constellation! On this day
Glad with the verdant pomp of pleasant May
(A month which owns an interest in your name,
You and its flowers combine to give it fame),
It shines anew. For ever be it bright.
May Fate's black shadow ne'er eclipse its light.
May sullen clouds that now o'ercast our sky,
Chased by the rising dawn of fortune fly;
Our Empire, with united interest blest,
In power and mutual love find prosperous rest;
At home the hateful feuds of Party cease.
The Star of Honour is the Star of Peace,
The true Astræa for whose late return
All wise souls watch, all patriot spirits burn.



HISTORY—WITH ARITHMETIC TO FOLLOW.

Aunt (reading out). "WILLIAM THE FIRST NORMANDY TO HIS SON ROBERT, ENGLAND TO WILLIAM, AND A LARGE SUM IN MONEY TO HENRY."
Maurice. "DO YOU THINK HE DID IT, AUNT!"
Aunt. "DID WHAT, MAURICE?"
Maurice. "HENRY, AUNT. DO YOU THINK HE DID THE LARGE SUM?"

NOTES OF MUSIC.

MR. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN gave his "fourth and last" piano-forte recital on May 3. St James's Hall was crowded with his admirers, and with some in whom the performance excited less admiration than amusement. Why will these pianists be so affected? PACHMANN sits at the piano, discoursing the most difficult music, with his head turning this way and that, as much as to say: "You see! this is mere child's play to me!" And then, after striking a chord on the instrument (and in his sympathisers' breasts), he will throw up his hands high above his head. But he does not throw up the game: oh, dear no! down he comes again exactly on the right note, and perhaps one of the most annoying things about him is that, while he plays fast and loose with the piano, he never by any chance plays a wrong note. What are you to do with a man like that? In a pleasantly selected programme of good music, containing a sonata by CHOPIN, of whom he is perhaps one of the best living exponents, MR. PACHMANN did not forget to introduce a composition, presumably by "self and wife." True to the "cult" which gives us "SCHUBERT-TAUSIG," and other hybrid composers, the concert-giver ascribed some very pleasing "Variations on a theme," to "PACHMANN-OKEY." Miss MAGGIE OKEY was a musician before she became a wife, and so far as I could judge the joint production was quite O.K.

BEETHOVEN'S *Choral Symphony* was performed at the first Richter Concert of the present series. This lengthy work constitutes by itself a respectable allowance of music for one evening, but space was found for other things, including a rhapsody, by LISZT, and some selections from WAGNER. The latter's *Siegfried "Idyll"* was perhaps the most generally acceptable item in a programme that contained no novelty. MR. OTTO FISHER sang the somewhat tedious music allotted to *Hans Sachs* in a scene from *Die Meistersinger*, and the Richter Choir obliged with the Choruses. The last part of the *Choral Symphony* requires a vocal quartette, and Miss HAMLIN was fortunately able to lean a little upon Miss LENA LITTLE, while Mr. WINCH naturally proved useful to Mr. FISHER. But in

Richter Concerts the Band's the thing, and, though there was some singing, the Entertainment was throughout quite orchestral, or, as a bird-fancier might write it, kite, hawk, kestrel.

On May 6th Prince's Hall was devoted to "chamber" music, with Madame FRICKENHAUS as pianist, and Herr JOSEF LUDWIG as principal violinist. Modern music was worthily represented by the works of DVORAK, RAFF and GADE, while the name of BEETHOVEN lent solidity to the bill of fare. Beginning with a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and ending with an octett for stringed instruments, it will be seen that this concert was not intended for any but real lovers of sound music. It was no joke, but a rich treat. Herr LUDWIG, both as a soloist and as leader in concerted pieces, manifests not only a complete mastery of his instrument, but also a dignified and conscientious love of music for music's sake, that is none too common. His execution is brilliant, and practically faultless, one obvious reason being that he holds himself and his fiddle properly. Lots of fiddlers (besides the blind ones in the streets) don't.

The Crystal Palace Management raised public expectation, and the prices of admission to the concert-room, when GOUNOD'S *Redemption* was recently performed. But one concert in which this splendid work is given is worth more than a dozen ordinary ones, the concluding chorus, with its gorgeous harmony and magnificent march of counterpoint, being alone worth "double the price paid for admission." That is, of course, if you care about music as opposed to drawing-room ballads by ignorant amateurs. Why don't we hear it oftener? It would come as a boon and a blessing to men-ny besides.

NIBBELUNGELET.

M. LAGO can't start his Opera at Covent Garden without a *prima donna*, and PATTI has refused to be, as Mr. WAGSTAFF immediately and so happily observed, "*La Donna del Lago*." But with such weather for *al fresco* entertainments, and with such counter attractions—Bar, shop, and counter-attractions—as are offered by the Colindale, is there much chance for an Operatic venture this season? "I say, No."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 3.—House reassembled after Easter recess. When I say House I mean some fifty or sixty Members. General impression, holidays not long enough. Why should Lords not begin work again till Thursday, when Commons summoned for Monday? GLADSTONE stayed away. Example followed. Other gaps in ranks of Ministers; Ministers not to be allured by temptation to holidays. Nearly all present. Front Opposition Bench only full one in the House. Only four Members on duty. House in Committee of "Just like old times, before PARNELL appeared on the scene," said GREGORY. "Makes me feel young again."



"Never heard of such a thing!"

PETER RYLANDS in great form. His constituents a little restive at his recent escapade at Tory meeting. Taken to pilgrimages to Hawarden, and that sort of thing. Necessary to show them how indispensable PETER is in economical arrangements of the Empire. Opened Debate on Vote for Salary of the man and boy who have for so many years been engaged upon works at Dover Harbour. The boy it appears has become a grandfather. Wants retiring pension. PETER hot against this; spoke upon half-a-dozen Votes following. Hasn't had such a time for years.

On the whole, remarkable Sitting. Everybody in best of humours. HENRY FOWLER compliments Grand Cross. Grand Cross approves H. FOWLER. Money is voted by the bushel; only hitch on the Scotch Votes. BARCLAY says Scotch Members understood they would be postponed. "Never heard of such a thing!" says the Lord Advocate, forgetting, in excitement of the moment, to take off his hat. Hitch only temporary. More Votes passed, half-a-dozen Bills advanced a stage, and the forty Members adjourned, with the consciousness of having done their duty.

Business done.—Tremendous!



A. Brown study.

Tuesday.—GLADSTONE back again, eager, intense, and younger than ever. Walked from Downing Street at rate of five miles an hour. Hardly breath to answer BEACH's question about Greece. Off as soon as Questions were over, to meet Cabinet Council. "That," said A. BROWN, who appropriately represents Wellington in House of Commons, "is what I call a hard day's work. Leaves Hawarden Castle before luncheon; travels all afternoon; rushes down to House; goes to wrestle with colleagues in Cabinet Council, and afterwards correspondence. That's too much for anyone. Must draw the line somewhere."

"Then I'll draw it at you," says our Artist. And here it is.

After Questions, MACFARLANE brought on Motion relating to poor man's tobacco. Seems it's chiefly composed of water, which is unsatisfactory. HENRY FOWLER—"one of the successes of GLADSTONE's Ministry," as the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate says—declares there's no article of consumption in this country more free from adulteration than tobacco. "The average ounce contains only thirty-five per cent. of moisture." That was evidently another thing; MACFARLANE had represented this percentage as water. House, resenting attempt at misrepresentation, negatived Motion without further discussion.

After tobacco, opium. PEASE appropriately introduced the poppy, denouncing its cultivation in India. Natural effect followed. Few Members present. Set themselves, at the outset, to enjoy speech. Gradually the influence of opium spread. Eyes closed, heads drooped, and Members slept. Some stole away in search of couches. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, breaking the long silence, momentarily roused the sleepers with strident voice. FOWLER, ex-Lord Mayor, generously seconded his effort. But the voices had a far-away sound. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, moved to emulation by TEMPLE and FOWLER, tried his voice, which effectually woke the

SPEAKER, who, perceiving there were only twenty-nine Members in the House, Counted it Out.

Business done.—None.

Wednesday.—Seemed as if there was to be no House at all to-day. SPEAKER hung about till quarter-past Twelve before taking the chair. Then sat there quarter of an hour. Members dropped in one by one.

"Will look in again by-and-by," said SPICER, nodding in friendly way to Sergeant-at-Arms, and attempting to leave the House. "Oh no you won't," said the Sergeant, drawing his sword. "You suis and you reste."

Member for South Islington returned to his seat, where it was explained to him that when, on Wednesdays, Member has once entered House, he cannot leave till quorum is formed.

House once made, went to work at tremendous pace. By Four o'clock had cleared off all the Bills on the Orders, advancing many by a stage. "This is how it will always be when we are gone," said SEXTON, in speech of unusual brevity. "You'd better pass the Home Rule Bill right off, and get along with your own affairs."

Business done.—Prodigious!



General Fr-a-r, of the Cavalry. A Light Weight.

Thursday.—General WOODALL, Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, home just in time. Been occupied during the so-called holidays in inspecting forts. "And how are they?" said General FRASER, confidentially. "Are your forts pretty forty, as they say in France?"

"I must ask you to give notice of that question," said the brother warrior.

Lord GEORGE HAMILTON wants to know about the bursting of the gun on the Collingwood; addresses his question to the

"Surveyor-General of the Audience," a happy slip, which calls to mind JACOB BRIGHT's "noble lord, the Member for Woodcock." This the only flash of the evening, otherwise spent decorously, not to say dully in disquisition of Railway and Canal Traffic Bill. This Bill, read Second Time, formed reasonable amount of progress for one sitting. But House insatiable. Took up Crofters Bill and passed it on for Third Reading, dealing with other measures before it rose at a quarter past two.

Business done.—Astounding!

Friday.—Through the week the Galleries over the clock have, like the House itself, been comparatively empty. To-night there is a single figure in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. It isn't everyone that notices it. But a dog often sees more than meets the eye

of man. I know very well the tall figure in the military cloak, the grey hair, the kindly eyes, and the furrowed face. It's Colonel NEWCOMB—"Codd Colonel"—come to hear the debate about Greyfriars. They want to turn an honest penny by knocking the ancient monument about, running a street through it, perhaps a tramway. The Conservative ex-Attorney-General holds a brief for the Governors. Finds support from that fine ecclesiastical Tory, TALBOT. Another eminent Tory, BERESFORD HOPE, attempted to avoid defeat by moving Adjournment of Debate, which RANDOLPH seconded. By two to one, the minority almost exclusively Conservatives, Adjournment refused, and Bill withdrawn.

"By gad," said Codd Colonel, picking his way down the Gallery steps, "things are oddly changed. In my time it was the Tories that used to gather in defence of old places, and old things. Now we have to thank the Radicals for preserving Greyfriars."

Pretty to see DUFF watching the shadowy figure as it made its way through the Lobby.

"Wonder if he's paired?" he said, the old instincts of the Whip predominant. Counted Out at Seven o'clock.

"Wonder if he's paired."

Business done.—House

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